

Yamhill County Reporter

VOL. XXIX.

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McMINNVILLE, ORE., FRIDAY, JAN. 13, 1899.

One Dollar if paid in advance. Single numbers five cents.

NO. 4.

The Chicago Store

Our First Annual Clearance Sale

Now running in full force. No such array of Bargains ever offered to the people of Yamhill County. No such prices will be seen for a year to come.

It's a Special Sale

on every article in our entire stock. Nothing reserved. You will be the loser if you fail to attend.

Watch for the

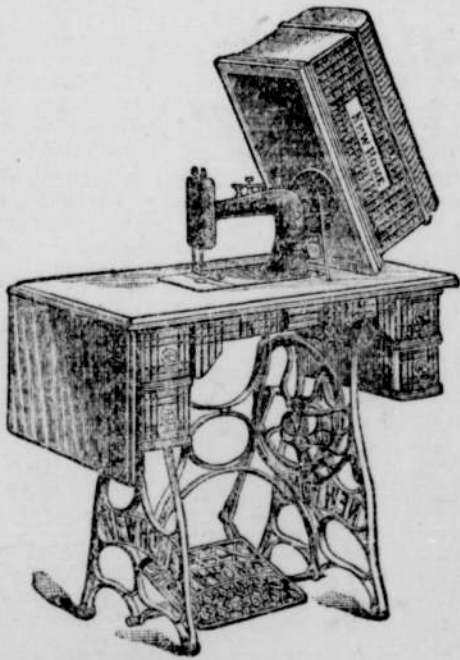
Red Tickets.

They indicate that

One Dollar will do the Work of Two.

CHICAGO STORE.

10
Per
Cent
Dis-
count



From regular Cash prices this month on all Musical Instruments and Sewing Machines.

Emerson Pianos,
Kimball and Cottage Organs.

CHAS. GRISSON, McMinnville, Oregon.

Take No Risks...

Disease lurks in impure water, and may cause sickness and fever while you lay it to conditions far removed from the real cause. The well-known safeguard is

The Pasteur Filter.

It has stood the test of time and the experience of thousands. Many Suitable Things at our Store for the Holidays.

O. O. HODSON.

Take The Reporter and Get the News
One Dollar Per Year.

MILLER MEMORIAL SERVICE.

An Immense Gathering of People, and a Splendid Address.

The program for the Miller memorial as published last week was carried out on Sunday afternoon. The service was in charge of Charity lodge No. 7 A. O. U. W. of this city, assisted by Yamhill lodge No. 10 D. of H. The occasion was in honor of Lewis E. Miller, who died in Manila Nov. 8th, in the service of his country, having enlisted from this county at the first call for troops. His parents and other members of the family were present at the service. In the procession which marched to the court house were many visiting Workmen from neighboring towns, and members of the G. A. R. were in line. The march was led by the band and Manila Guards. At the court house Master Workman Adolf Matthies presided. Singing by a choir, composed of representatives of the two lodges, and a solo by Miss Sadie Gortner, was well received, particularly the latter, the words for which were composed by Miss Josie Gortner. Prof. Lewis Barzee of the college conducted the devotional services with ability. After the address, at a given signal by the presiding officer, a salute was given to the vacant chair by all the organizations present. The court house was very tastefully decorated. Bunting lined the walls and stretched from chandeliers, a vacant chair was tastefully draped, and a mound in imitation of a grave was made with moss and flowers and adorned with the stars and stripes. Back of the speaker's stand was placed in large letters: "Honor to the Soldier Dead We Give." The able address of Judge Martin L. Pipes follows in full:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS OF THE ORDER:
We commemorate a memory and a name. This service is rather for ourselves than it is for him whose head lies low in that distant island of the sea. In this hushed silence your hearts yearn longingly for him over the ocean that rolls in his lonely grave, but you cannot reach him. He hears not our voices doing him honor here; he sees not the tears that are our homage to his worth and valor. We cannot carry to him where he sleeps the picture of his Oregon home or show him again the faultless summer sky that tented his first soldier camp, nor paint for him the sober sadness of this winter, the deep azure of his familiar hills, the faces of his friends, the sacred sorrow of his own beloved ones. Our praises cannot gladden his closed eyes, nor flush his pallid cheeks with noble shame. He is just our service, but we are not past his. Our message to him falls unheeded into the deep silences of the Manila night, but his us rings and reverberates along his native hills and vales, and its far echoes "roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever."

What is the message? For what did he die? To apprehend this question we must study the very heart of the age, the deep bosom of our race and country. This lad, Elmer Miller, and the other lads his comrades, who leaped to arms at the president's call, were stirred by an instinct deeper than they knew. They were but the single strings of a majestic harp, breathed on by the breath of God, tense, vibrant, and all in tune. The Spanish war came and went in the brief space of two short summer months, but it was the greatest war that was ever waged, because on the part of the victors it was the purest-hearted war in the long red record of wars.

Our race has come up through seven centuries of fighting. Sometimes we fought for freedom, and sometimes against it. We have resisted oppression in a hundred conflicts and rededicated the path of our progress with the blood of tyrants. But we fought for ourselves. It is great to die for one's own liberties, to establish justice for one's land. This greatness is commemorated in the granite shaft that rises at Bunker Hill, in the commanding column that symbolizes the character of Washington. It was still greater to fight for the freedom of the humble race we had ourselves enslaved. That greatness has its shrine at Gettysburg and its high priest was that great man on whose front deep graven deliberation sat and public care. The men who died upon those battle-fields have taught great things. They devoted themselves to sacrifice, and from them these have learned to look with unshrinking gaze upon the sacrificial altars prepared for them. But the last war stole upon us unawares. No danger threatened us. We were safe. In all the land the flag was flying as free as the wind that kissed its fluttering folds. Our courts gave justice. Our rulers served us. Peaceful sails were furled within our harbors and the nations of the world held to us the friendly hands of commerce. Not one of them had injured us. Every incentive of selfish interest, even of prudence, spoke for peace, and not for war. But there was a far cry that kept coming to us over the waters of our southern gulf. Long it came unheeded. Busy in our own affairs, we heard it not, or if we heard, not with that fine sense that listens to what the inner spirit sings. There was a story of wrong and cruelty, and oppression. In a lovely island at our door, there was blood, captivity, starvation, injustice. The victims were not our people. They were not even of our race. They were not even of characteristics to excite admiration. They were simply men and women and children who were suffering unspeakable outrage and were helpless. And the voices of distress were wafted over the waters—insistent, persistent. Then there was a stir at the bottom of the nation's heart. It was as if a giant turned over in his sleep. Then there

came a warning note from the president of the United States to congress, reciting these wrongs and calling for a speedy remedy from the Spanish government. But it went unheeded. Then there was an explosion of a battleship and the giant was awake. He looked through the Cuban palms at the wretched victims of tyranny, and then "He waited not the shibboleth that falls from courtiers' lips."
But snote when God Himself seemed dumb, And all his arching skies were in eclipse."

I believe in the goodness of the people. In the everyday struggle of life, in the littleness of existence we say and think and do unworthy things. These are but the scum of life. In the stress of the storm they are swept away, and blown to the winds. The true heart of the nation is as pure as the depths of the ocean and as resistless as its tides. And so war came. Never was such a war begun with so little of war's passions. It started without malice, and ended without exultation, may almost with tender pity for the vanquished enemy. What captain of a ship ever before stilled the pean of triumph lest the cry of victory should vex the ears of dying women. What prisoners of war, released from bondage, ever cheered the conqueror's flag as if it were their own?

What great principle is it that lies at the root of this phenomenon? Let us search for it, not with self-glorification, but humbly and patiently, and then we shall appreciate the dignity of this unadmirable sacrifice. First, then, this war was not fought merely to relieve distress. To be sure, the good Samaritan is a noble figure, but he is not the noblest. It was not an ignoble motive to free the captives, to feed the hungry and to make the Cuban happy. But there is something more important in the economy of this world than philanthropy. There is a principle higher than kindness, more beneficent than benevolence. It is the principle of natural justice.

That is not merely the cornerstone, it is the whole foundation of government. The constitution of the United States declares, its objects to be to promote the public welfare and to establish justice. These last words define and embrace the whole scheme of the government. That is what the barons demanded at Runnymede and their descendants have ever since been speaking with their lips and writing with their pens, and carving with their swords, the immortal schedule of rights, which in their last analysis mean only simple justice. Every government since the world began has had that for its object, but it is the irony of fate that oftentimes this very instrument of justice has become an instrument of oppression. But always has the struggle gone on to realize in some form of government that state of society which insures justice between man and man.

But hitherto it has been recognized as a principle of international law that each government is responsible to its own people only for the administration of justice. It has been deemed sufficient for a people to compel justice for itself. The European nations have, while snarling at each other's heels, interfered sometimes with the internal policies of their neighbors, but it has always been done professedly in their own interest.

For the first time in history, a nation has waged a war frankly to rescue the subjects of another nation from his own oppression. It is a new and startling principle. It is fraught with danger, and for that very reason raises this country from a situation of political greatness to an attitude of moral grandeur. It is greater than patriotism, because it invokes and challenges not the conscience of one country or one people, but of the whole wide world. Dewey's cannon, Sampson's guns and Shafter's rifles spoke loud comment to the nations. They told of valor and glory, but they thundered, moreover, a new commandment to all the thrones and principalities and powers of the earth that this and the neighboring lands shall be the refuge of justice.

They said, "Be just and fear not." They said, "Be just though the heavens fall." They said, "Be just lest the heavens fall." They said to the tides of the ancient old world tyrannies that have been breaking on our very shores, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

Do not pity the boys who died in this war. They are privileged to link their names with the most stupendous episode of the century. Death is to them the great red seal, affixed to a deed wherein is writ in letters imperishable and bright a title to eternal fame and glory. Perhaps not all these volunteers consciously analyzed these motives and emotions. But it is certain that the motives were in their breasts. Never since the tides of time was there such swift response to behests so high. It was not sympathy, but the ennobling sense of justice that made the hot wrath flame in these valiant breasts. It was not because the cubans suffered, but because they suffered wrong.

The war was sudden. The bloody drama was short. It was enacted before our eyes almost as if it were the shifting of the scenes upon a stage. It was a great act and like all great acts has great consequences. No eye in all the world had prevision a year ago to foresee what has really happened. No mortal hand has guided these events. We thought to right the wrongs of a handful of unhappy people in a single island of the western sea, and lo, some invisible arm has thrust beneath our shield the defenseless children of a half a hundred islands of the distant Orient. God has placed in our hands the standard of justice for all the nations and woe to us if it shall fall from nerveless fingers. We are become the cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. Destiny has marked us for her own and her high decrees are writ in the blood of heroes. Wee be to those that shrink from the

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

danger and glory of the future. But the hour is struck. Shall we draw back and travel again this lower road? Shall we this fair morn'g leave and fatten on this moor? Can the young eaglet, when its wings have fanned the breath of some empyrean height, its unfilmed eye has gazed upon the sun, go back into its shell?

Why should you mourn for Elmer? He has become a part of this grand theme. You sought to stay his steps at home. Ah, but he was wiser than you. He expressed, no doubt, his determination to go to this war in the homely words of a Yamhill boy, but let the master of the language of noble passion speak for him what he really felt: "Give me my robe and crown. I have immortal longings in me."

Brothers of the order, you share this glory, not only as citizens of their country, but as brothers of an order that in the crisis of the war, rose to the height of a great argument. The supreme lodge consecrated a new principle among the tenets of our association when it resolved to keep our soldier members in good standing, and to pay the losses at their death. We have an army of more than a quarter of a million, but it is an army of peace. Our plan of insurance is based upon the times when the great reaper does his reaping with careful, steady hand. But it is the beauty of the system and the glory of our supreme officers that it could without a jar and without a danger adapt itself to the stern conditions of war.

By a simple, inexpensive expedient it has procured a great fund to answer the unusual fatalities of the camp and field. We should be thankful that our order has not been weak or timid, that it has sent its young men on their great mission, with its honor pledged to give their beneficiaries in war as in peace the most complete protection.

To you, his parents and his friends, I venture not to speak of Elmer's personal worth and character. You knew him. He was your own boy. No words of mine can further consecrate him in your memory. I have rather hoped to assuage your sense of loss by lifting your eyes to the noble cause he died for. Young as you may never have his chance to die for justice, but you can live for it. It needs your help here and now. This is its temple; let it not be desecrated with wrong. Keep it consecrated. Let his death have been worth while, by your living as he died, with faith on the brow, fire in the eye, firm foot on the earth, high heart in the sky.

How to Prevent Pneumonia.

You are perhaps aware that pneumonia always results from a cold or from an attack of la grippe. During the epidemic of la grippe a few years ago when so many cases resulted in pneumonia, it was observed that the attack was never followed by that disease when Chamberlain's Cough Remedy was used. It counteracts any tendency of a cold or la grippe to result in that dangerous disease. It is the best remedy in the world for bad colds and la grippe. Every bottle warranted. For sale by S. Howorth & Co.

Probate Court.

Estate E. N. Ford. Will admitted to probate. Susie M. Ford appointed administrator without bonds. R. L. Conner, John Gault and W. T. Booth appointed appraisers.

Estate A. C. Davis. Report of sale confirmed.

Estate of W. T. Hash. Petition to sell notes for cash as prayed for granted. Report of sale of notes and other personal property filed and approved.

Estate of Rebecca Putman. First semi-annual account filed and approved. Money on hand ordered distributed.

Estate John Weston. Sixth annual account approved. \$200 ordered paid to widow.

To the Public.

We are authorized to guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and if not satisfactory, to refund the money to the purchaser. There is no better medicine made for la grippe, colds and whooping cough. Price 25 and 50c per bottle. Try it. For sale by S. Howorth & Co.

I am able to furnish loans on first-class farm security, from \$2,000 upward, at 7 per cent interest; loans to run from 3 to 5 years. Parties wishing to borrow money, call and see me. R. L. CONNER.

Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. The genuine has L. E. Q. on each tablet. For sale by Rogers Bros.

CASTORIA

Bears the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER. In use for more than thirty years, and The Kind You Have Always Bought.

THE SCHOOLS

COOK BUILDING.

The Wilson boys have dropped their studies. This Friday ends the fourth month of school.

Among the visitors on Wednesday afternoon were: Mrs. Branson, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Galentine and Miss Galentine, and Messrs. Baker, Grissen, Prentiss, Caldwell and Hembree.

An extensive program will be given this Friday afternoon, at two o'clock sharp, at the Cook building. The program is given in honor of our new flag. All are invited.

The contest for the prize offered by Mr. Grissen to the pupil of this school who would give the best account of the trip of the battleship Oregon from San Francisco to Santiago during the recent war, was held Wednesday afternoon. The prize offered was a beautiful book, The U. S. Navy. The contestants were: Wm. Bodle, Andrew Loban, Frank West, and Dow Walker. Each gave a lengthy and accurate history of the subject. The judges, Messrs. Baker, Prentiss and Caldwell, after deliberating, awarded the prize to Wm. Bodle.

COLUMBUS BUILDING.

Claud Sparks is absent from school on account of sickness.

Prof. Prentiss was a visitor of the high school on Wednesday.

Two new pupils have been enrolled in the 7th and 8th grades.

Fred Cooper, after several days of sickness, has returned to school.

Real Estate Transfers.

Week ending Jan. 11th.
Jesse Edwards et ux to R. P. Marr lots 5, 6, 7 and 8 blk 48 Edwards' add to Newberg. \$ 150
F. M. York et ux to Christian church of Carlton blk 7 Carlton Improvement Co's add to Carlton. 75
R. W. Lancelotti et ux to F. Born sw qr sec 8 t 3 r 5. 124
Flora B Fletcher and husband to Adria M Phelps 1-5 int in 133 a pt Thos L Turner d l c t 4 r 3 & 4
M. M. Snell et al to E. M. Bertram 4-5 of 1 1/2 a in Dayton. 900
Eva M Bertram and husband to Esther F Bond 1-5 of 133 a t 4 r 3 and 4. 700
R. N. Snell et al to Adria M Phelps 4-5 of lots 3, 6 and 8 and pt of lot 4 blk 3 Lippincott's 1st add to Dayton. 624
M. M. Snell et al to Esther F Bond lots 178 and 179 Dayton. 40
Mary C Tidd to Lee Laughlin a h nw qr and nw qr of nw qr sec 36 t 2 r 4. 2
Esther F Bond et al to Flora B Fletcher 4-5 of lot 1 blk 12 Lippincott's 2d add to Dayton. 400
S. H. Hibbs et ux, to W. F. Dielschneider lot 2 blk 1 F. W. Martin's add to McM. 100
R. J. Simpson and husband to McMinnville National Bank lot 1 blk 1 Court add to McM and strip of land 8 ft wide off of east side of lot 2 blk 1 Court add. 1600
Geo H Sawyer and wf to Jno W Gant e hf of wf of e hf sec 33 t 5 r 5. 2000
J. W. Fletcher et al to H. M. Bond lots 7 and 8 blk 56 Oak Park add to McM. 1
Mary C Tidd Admrx to Lee Laughlin 120 a sec 26 t 2 r 4. 600
Alvin Haines & wf to E. W. Haines 1-4 int in 148 a sec 22 t 2 r 3. 600
S. E. Humphreys to D. W. Ralston lot 2 blk 1 south Sheridan. 50
Alex C and S. M. Martin to W. W. Nickell 161.75 a pt Miriam Payne d l c t 5 r 5 and 23.95 a in sec 23 t 5 r 5 and 211.44 a pt Robt Henderson d l c. 530

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jas. A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexico, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy, as I had to go only bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.'" For sale by S. Howorth & Co.